

PLYMOUTH WEEKLY BANNER.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Education, Agriculture, Commerce, Markets, General Intelligence, Foreign and Domestic News.

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[WHOLE NO. 190.]

THE BANNER

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(Up stairs in the Old Plymouth Hotel.)
BY WM. J. BURNS.

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DIRECTORY.

BLANK NOTES. Of an approved form, for sale at this office.

C. PALMER, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, and Hats & Caps.

N. McLAUGHLIN Saddle and Harness Manufacturer, one door west of the corner in the old Plymouth Hotel.

BROOKER & EVANS, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery and Ready made Clothing; corner Locust & Mich. streets.

J. BROWNLEE & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, and Ready made Clothing, Hardware & Cutlery.

D. T. A. LEMON, Practising Physician, and Dealer in Drugs & Medicines, Oils, Paints & Groceries, east side Michigan street.

N. R. PACKARD, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Groceries and Provisions, east side Michigan street.

W. L. PIATT, Chair & Cabinet maker, and Undertaker, Furniture room in north room of the old Plymouth Hotel.

J. McDANIEL, Manufacturer and Dealer in Boots & Shoes, and Shoe Findings, west side Michigan street.

M. BARNARD, Saddle & Harness manufacturer, west side of Michigan street.

S. CLEVELAND Wholesale and retail dealer in Groceries, Tinware, and Hardware generally, west side Michigan street.

H. OGLESBEE & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, Crockery &c., in the Brick Store.

ROBERT RUSK, Dealer in Family Groceries, Provisions, and Pastry, Bakery attached, east side Michigan street.

ICE CREAM SALOON, M. H. Tidwell proprietor, up stairs in Rusk's building.

F. RIMPLER, Merchant Tailor, and Dealer in Clothing and all kinds of Furnishings, in Rusk's building.

W. STEINWALT & HEWITT, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Boots & Shoes, Ready made Clothing &c.

H. B. PERSHING, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Oils, Paints, Glass & Glassware, Groceries, & silver ware.

BROWN & BAXTER Manufacturers of Tin Sheet Iron and Copperware, and Dealers in Stoves—sign of Tin shop & Store.

C. H. REEVE, Attorney at Law, Collections punctually attended to in Northern Indiana. Lands for sale cheap.

M. W. SMITH, Justice of the peace, will attend to business in the Circuit and Com. Pleas courts. Over the Post office.

D. R. SAM'L. HIGGINBOTHAM, Physician and Surgeon. Office at his residence on the east side of Michigan street.

JOHN COYLE, Keeps a general assortment of meat, Dry Goods, Groceries, Vegetables and Meats of all kinds. Cor. Canal & Mich. sts.

D. J. D. GRAY, Eclectic Physician, will attend to calls day or night. Office four doors north of C. H. Reeve's residence.

ELLIOTT & CO. Wagon, Carriage & Plow Manufacturers, at their new stand at the south end of the Bridge, Michigan street.

D. R. BROWN, Physician and Surgeon, will promptly attend to all calls in his profession. Office at his residence, south Plymouth.

A. JOSEPH, Cabinet Maker and Undertaker, South Plymouth.

D. CHAS. WEST, Eclectic Physician, Office at his residence, east side Michigan street.

CHAS. KLINE, Clock and Watchmaker, and Silversmith generally. Up stairs in the old Plymouth Hotel.

EDWARDS' HOTEL, Wm. C. Edwards Proprietor, corner of Michigan and Washington streets.

P. C. TURNER, House Carpenter & Joiner, Shop on Washington street, east of Michigan street.

A. K. BRIGGS, Horse Shoeing and Blacksmithing of all kinds done to order. Shop south of east of Edwards' Hotel.

AMERICAN HOUSE, G. P. Cherry & Son proprietors, South Plymouth.

A. BALDWIN, manufactures and keeps on hand custom made Boots & Shoes; east side Michigan street.

JOHN SMITH, Manufacturer of Fine Custom made Boots. Shop next door south of Dr. Higginbotham's office.

JAMES & M. ELLIOTT Turners, Chair Makers, and Sign Painters, Michigan street, South Plymouth.

J. E. ARMSTRONG, attends to all calls in his line of Daguerrotypy, at his residence north of Edwards' Hotel.

M. H. PECHER & CO., Dealers in Family Groceries, Provisions, Confectionaries &c., South Plymouth.

In the Market.
WHEAT At the highest market prices, taken on subscription to the Banner, delivered at the office. July, 1855.

L. FAIRLOP, Cabinet Maker and undertaker, corner west side of Michigan street, in the old Banner office.

Beautiful.—We have seldom, if ever seen sixteen lines in the English language excel the following for beauty of expression and holiness of—

Letter.
From a Western Locomotive Fireman to his friend in the East.
DEAR JIM—Why don't you pack up your plunder and come out here? We have rate sport, I can tell you—you can bet your life on that. When I first came out here I had the nger a good deal. I shook every other day for six months, and then got to going every day. Took more quinine than a horse could draw. After a while Joe Smashup asked me to run on his engine and fire for him. 'You won't shake long on my engine,' says he, 'for if pine knots don't drive your nger one or two collishuns I'll fix it for you.'

Well, on to his engine I went, and I haint shook since. It's better than Kolnagog.
Joe is a perfect brick. He'd rather run into a train or drove of cattle than not. You'd ought to see the horns fly sometimes. We had a little fun the other night and I'll tell you how it was. The other train, that we met every night at Pileup station, has been in the habit of holding on to the track on our time, and the conductors had two or three jaws about it. Our conductor says to the other one, says he, 'if you don't get off on the other track a little livelier in future, I'll run into you some night—sure's you live.'

Melancholy.

The last Frankfort Crescent relates the following very singular incident:

During the late term of our Circuit Court, a Dutchman by the name of Samuel Where, living in Madison township, was called by the Sheriff to take his seat as a Juror, the regular Panel not being present. At the time, he remarked to the sheriff that he was 'too Dutch to sit upon the jury,' but not being excused, he accordingly took his seat. The case of the Lafayette Plank Road Co. vs. the New Albany and Salem Railroad Co. was then proceeded with, which occupied the remainder of the week. On Saturday, the Jury were discharged until the following Monday, and Mr. Where was noticed to be in attendance at that time, as the evidence and argument in the above named case was not yet concluded. Accordingly Mr. Where appeared in the Jury-box on the following Monday, and acted as a competent juror throughout the remainder of the trial.

After the case was concluded and a verdict brought in by the jury, a motion for a new trial was made; and one of the allegations to sustain the motion, was that Mr. Where as a Juror had not a sufficient knowledge of the English language, to understand the nature of the evidence in the case, and consequently could arrive at no just conclusion in reference to it. To ascertain how far Mr. Where's knowledge of the English language extended, the Court required that he be brought forward and questioned, to settle the point. Mr. Where came forward and was thoroughly interrogated by the attorneys; he finally made affidavit that he could understand but little of what the witnesses said; a word now and then he could understand, but not enough to comprehend the weight of the testimony. Whereupon a new trial was granted.

During his examination, and in spite of the assurance of the Court, the Bar, and his friends, that he had done no wrong, he still thought he was upon his trial for some crime he had committed. He inquired, in his own language, what would become of his family, and burst into tears. Not being able to reconcile him, he was discharged, and immediately proceeded homeward. On arriving at home, he remarked to his family that the lawyers here had 'scared him nearly to death, and he didn't know that he could get over it.' He remained thoughtful and melancholy until Sunday the 20th inst., when his family were horribly shocked by finding him a corpse, suspended by the neck in his own barn. Not understanding the nature of the examination he was subjected to, and supposing he had committed some great wrong, so wrought upon his mind as to induce him to commit suicide.

Mr. Where was a respected farmer, had acquired considerable of a fortune, and was an honest and worthy citizen. His untimely and tragical death will be lamented by a large circle of friends.

Wouldn't contend.

A cross grained, surly man, too crooked by nature to keep still, went over to his neighbor, Mr. F., a remarkably cool, calm, non-resistant man, and thus addressed him.

'That piece of fence over there is mine, and you shan't have it.'

'Why,' replied Mr. F., 'you must be mistaken.'

'No, it's mine, and I shall keep it.'

'Well,' said Mr. F., 'suppose we leave it to any lawyer you shall choose.'

'I won't leave it to any lawyer,' said the other.

'Well,' continued Mr. F., 'shall we leave it to any three men in the village that you may select?'

'No, I shall have the fence.'

'Not at all discomposd, Mr. F. said, 'Well, neighbor, then I shall leave it to yourself to say to whom it does belong—whether to you or me.'

Struck dumb by the appeal, the wrathful man turned away, saying,

'I won't have anything to do with a man that won't contend for his own rights.'

Barnum's Baby Show in Cincinnati proves a grand failure, in consequence, as he alleges, of the strictures of the press. He has brought suit against the Commercial, claiming \$10,000 damages. He ought not to recover one cent and most probably will not. The Cincinnati papers, especially the Commercial, did just what they ought to have done in holding Barnum's disgusting exhibition up to public reprehension. The press is the great conservator of public morals in this country, and Phineas T. Barnum, in his action against the Commercial, will probably find it out. He is an unprincipled humbugger, who has gone unwhipped of justice about long enough.

Madison Banner.

A Happy Man.

In several of yesterday's papers appeared the following advertisement extraordinary, which we doubt not created some excitement throughout the city.

Birth.
NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 9, 1855.

'The Hon. Mrs. Marceline Aubran gave birth to a fine daughter this morning at seven o'clock. Mother and child doing finely.'

Yesterday we found out all about it, and as none of the parties concerned can read, and in consequence, will not have their feelings lacerated by seeing themselves in print, we shall tell our readers of it.

Mr. Aubran, the husband of the above lady, is an eccentric old Frenchman who keeps a grocery on Euterpe street. Some years ago, the wife of his bosom, not being able to present him with an heir, became disgusted with him and ran off. After a while she returned and opened negotiations with him for a divorce. He being willing, the knot hymeneal was severed by due course of law, and each returned to a life of single blessedness. After a lapse of time, however, their blessedness degenerated into misery—their 'affinities' brought them together again—and, after a brief courtship, they agreed to get spliced again, and everything was got in readiness for the event. Justice Gaienne being selected as the officiating pastor. On the day preceding the wedding, however, the intended bride gave way to her ancient feckleness, and ran off to Mobile with another man, who married her there.

This man Aubran so 'pizen' mad, that, after a courtship of forty eight hours, he married his housekeeper, Miss Kate—Being spunky, withal, he published his marriage in some of the city papers, the notice being preceded by one announcing his first marriage and subsequent divorce.

This was about two years ago. A year having passed after the last marriage without offering the husband any promise or even a ray of hope that the one wish of his heart would be fulfilled, his divorced wife, who had returned to the city with her husband, maliciously circulated stories through the neighborhood that he was nothing but an old dry bones, who was never intended by nature to be a father; telling this, as one who had a right to know. Aubran, though considerably nettled at heart by this, made believe that he didn't care, and threw the tumbler back, by telling her not to brag till she had presented her second husband with an heir—a thing, by the way, that she has not done yet.

Within the past year, the neighbors became aware of a great change in Aubran. He became frisky, good-humored, and somewhat younger in appearance, and as months rolled on he became more and more so; all which was rather wonderful, he being in his forty-fifth year. Within the last month, he has been to a certain extent 'wild.' On Wednesday morning the grand event came off, and the old man then 'flew off the handle' entirely. He flew round the neighborhood as if his house were afire, greeting his friends with hand-wringings and exclamations of 'All right, old fellow—all right! all right!' The first burst of enthusiasm over, he reflected awhile and then determined to publish the glorious news to the world.

Being unable to write English, he got a friend to act as amanuensis, and dictated to him the unique notice which heads this article. The prefix, 'Hon.' to his wife's name, is a specialty, intended to compliment her, and at the same time to crush forever the satanic glee and the tattling of his divorced wife.

In the advertisement, the mother and child are announced as doing well. We are gratified in being able to add, that the father also is getting along splendidly. He is at last in the honey-moon of his existence.—N. O. Crescent.

Do it Yourself Boys.

Do not ask the teacher, or some classmate to solve that hard problem. Do it yourself.—You might as well let them eat your dinner, as 'do your sums' for you. Its in studying, as in eating; that he sees it done. In almost any school, I would give more for what the teacher learns, than for what the best scholar learns, simply because the teacher is compelled to solve all the hard problems, and answer the questions of the lazy boys. Do not ask him to parse the difficult words or assist you in the performance of any of your studies. Do it yourself. Never mind, though they look dark as Egypt. Don't ask even a hint from any body. Try again. Every trial increases your ability, and you will finally succeed by dint of the very wisdom and strength gained in the effort, even though at first the problem was beyond your skill. It is the study and not the answer, that really rewards your pains.

Look at that boy who has just succeeded after six hours of hard study, perhaps; how his large eye is lit up with proud joy, as he marches to his class. He treats like a conqueror. And well he may.—Last night his lamp burned late, and this morning he walked at dawn. Once or twice he nearly gave up. He had tried his last thought; but a new thought strikes him as he ponders the last process. He tries once more and succeeds; and now mark the air of conscious strength with which he pronounces his demonstration. His poor, weak schoolmate who gave up that same problem after his first faint trial, now looks up to him with something of wonder, as to a superior.

That problem lies there, a great gulf between those boys who stood yesterday side by side. They will never stand together as equals again. The boy that did it for

himself has taken a stride upward, and what is better still, has gained strength to take other and greater ones. The boy who waited to see others do it, has lost both strength and courage, and is already looking for some good excuse to give up school and study forever.

Conn. School Journal.

Hon. A. H. STEVENS, of Georgia, in a recent address at a meeting in Alexandria, for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum and Free School of that city, related the following anecdote:

'A poor little boy in a cold night, with no home or roof to shelter his head, no paternal or maternal guardian to guide, to protect or direct him on his way, reached at midnight the house of a rich planter, who took him in, fed, lodged, and sent him on his way. These kind attentions cheered his heart, and inspired him with fresh courage to battle with the obstacles of life. Years rolled round; Providence led him on and he reached the legal profession; his host had died; the cornorants that prey on the substance of man, had formed a conspiracy to get from the widow her estate. She sent for the nearest counsel to commit her cause to him, and that counsel proved to be the orphan boy, years before welcomed by her deceased husband. The stimulus of warm and tenacious gratitude, was now added to the ordinary motive connected with the profession. He undertook her cause with a will not easily to be resisted; he gained it; the widow's estates were secured to her in perpetuity—and, Mr. Stevens added with an emphasis of emotion that sent an electric thrill through the house, that orphan boy stands before you.

The Boston Post gives a terrible case of suffering caused by Postoffice mismanagement or robbery which happened recently at St. Louis. A man went from thence to Texas, to return immediately, found some profitable business which would detain him some months, and therefore wrote to his wife, and enclosed \$150 for present wants. The letter was never received, and being, with her five children turned out of her home for non-payment of rent, and driven to despair by the idea that her husband had deserted her, she drowned herself and youngest child in the Mississippi. The unhappy husband and father, receiving no answer to the letter, returned to St. Louis to find himself a widower, and his children supported by public charity. The postmaster who stole that \$150 will have a fearful account to settle with a department at the head of which it is impossible to cheat or deceive.

Origin of Oyster Eating.

It has often been said that he must have been a bold man who first ate an oyster. This is in ignorance of the legend which he assigns the first act of oyster eating to a very natural cause. It is related that a man while walking one day, picked one of these savory bivalves, just as it was in the act of gaping. Observing the extreme smoothness of the shell, he insinuated his finger between the lids, that he might feel their shining surface, when suddenly they closed upon his finger, and he felt a sharp pain. The prompt withdrawal of his finger, was scarcely a more natural movement than its transfer. It is not very clear why people, when they hurt their fingers, put them into their mouths; but it is very certain that they do; and in this case the result was fortunate. The owner of the finger tasted oyster juice for the first time, as the Chinaman in Elia's Essay, having burnt his finger, first tasted cracklin. The savor was delicious; he had made a great discovery; so he picked up the oyster, forced open the shells, banqueting upon their contents, and soon brought oyster eating into fashion.

AN ATTRACTIVE LADY.—The Springfield Journal of Saturday relates the following singular occurrence:

'Yesterday afternoon, while a lady of this city was engaged with her household duties, a swarm of bees entered the room, settling upon her head neck and shoulders. As may be supposed, the lady was sadly frightened, and quickly brushing the intruders away, she sought refuge in an adjoining apartment. The window being inadvertently left open, the bees immediately entered, and again took possession of the lady, who finding they did not harm her, and unable to remedy the evil, quietly went about her work, experiencing but little inconvenience. The bees continued to hover around the lady till near sundown, when they departed as suddenly as they came, having paid no attention to several children who were in the house the whole time.

THE BLOOM OF AGE.—A good woman never grows old. Years may pass over her head, but if benevolence and virtue dwell in her heart, she is as cheerful as when the spring of life first opened to her view. When we look upon a good woman, we never think of her age; she looks as charming as when the rose of youth has not faded yet; it will never fade. In her neighborhood she is the friend and benefactor. Who does not respect the woman who has passed her days in acts of kindness and mercy? We repeat such a woman cannot grow old. She will always be fresh and buoyant in spirits, and active in humble deeds of mercy and benevolence. If the young desire to retain the bloom of beauty and youth, let her love truth and virtue and to the close of her life appear a garden of sweets—ever fresh and ever new.

The Farmer.

Who makes the barren earth a paradise of wealth, And fills each humble hearth With plenty, life and health? Oh! I would have you know They are the men of toil—The men who reap and sow—The tillers of the soil.

Loveliness.

It is not your neat dress, your expensive shawl, your golden fingers that attract the sense. They look beyond these. It is your character they study. If you are trifling or loose in your conversation—no matter if you are as beautiful as an angel—you have no attraction for them. It is the true loveliness of your nature, that win and continue to retain the affections of the heart. Young ladies sadly miss it who labor to improve their outward looks, while they bestow not a thought on their minds. Fools may be won by the gewgaws and fashionable showy dresses, but the wise and substantial are never caught by such traps. Let modesty be your dress. Use pleasant and agreeable language, and though you may not be courted by the fop, the good and truly great will love to linger in your steps.

FIGHT BETWEEN A RATTLESNAKE AND HOGS.—The State Rights Democrat, published at Elba, Ala., narrates the following:

Two gentlemen were lately in the woods, when their attention was attracted by an uproarious noise among some hogs. Thinking that something uncommon was to pay, they repaired to the spot, and found that the hogs had been in a fight with a very large rattlesnake. The fight, from appearances, had been a long and desperate one. The snake was torn to pieces, three hogs dead, and a fourth dying. They say that, as the last hog would groan, the snake would raise its head, being unable to do anything else. The snake and the fourth hog soon died. They report that for thirty yards around, the grass and ground were torn up. The snake was six and a half or seven feet long. The hogs, in the fight, had destroyed all the rattles but two.

'Fellow-citizens!' said an old line orator, we have the best country in the world, and the best government. What people on the face of the globe enjoy more privileges than we do? Here we have liberty to speak and liberty of the press without onerous despotism. What, fellow-citizens, is more desirable than this? Do you want anything more, my countrymen? 'Yes-sir-ee,' sang out a red-necked friend, 'this is dry work—I want a suck out of that flask stickin' out of your coat pocket.' Orator looked queer and hastily concluded.

A modest young gentleman at a dinner party put the following conundrum:— 'Why are most people who eat turkeys like unto babies?'

No, reply. The modest man, blushed, and, 'Would, have backed out, but finally, gave the answer himself:—

'Because they are fond of the breast! Did you ever? Two middle-aged ladies fainting at this awful perpetration the remains of the young man were carried out by the corner and three married ladies clapped their handkerchiefs to their mouths in convulsions—teethache, of course.

GOON.—A genuine Down Easter, lately essayed to appropriate a square of exceedingly tough beef, at dinner, in a Wisconsin hotel. His convulsive efforts with a knife and fork, attracted the attention and smiles of the rest of the company, who were in the same predicament with himself. At last Jonathan's patience vanished under ill success, and, laying down his utensils, he burst out with:—

'Strangers, you needn't laugh; if you can't get no regard for the landlord's feelings, you order have some respect for the old cook!' This sally brought down the house.

A WISE ANSWER.—'You must not play with that girl, my dear,' said an injudicious parent.

'But ma, I like her; she is a good little girl, and I'm sure she dresses as good as ever I do, and she has lots of toys.'

'I cannot help that, my dear,' responded the foolish anti-American, 'her father is a shoemaker.'

'But I don't play with her father, but with her; she ain't a shoemaker.'

WHAT IS LAW LIKE?—Law is like a country dance, people are led up and down it till they are tired. Law is like a book of surgery—there are a great many terrible cases in it. It is like physic too, they that take the least of it are the best off. It is like a homely gentleman, 'very well to follow,' and a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion, people are bowitched to get into it, and like bad weather, most people are anxious to get out of it.

HOT AND COLD.—An Irishman discovered a part of the wood-work of the chimney-piece on fire that endangered the whole house. He rushed up stairs to his master, announced the alarming intelligence. Down he rushed with him. A large kettle of boiling water was on the fire.

'Well, why don't you put out the fire? I can't, sure.'

'Why, you fool, pour the water upon it.'

'Sure it's hot water, sur.'

The National Intelligencer says that the hotels at Washington are now capable of accommodating 2570 persons.

THE PORK TRADE.—It is the general impression that the number of hogs in the West fall short of last year's supply, when the packing was twenty-two per cent deficient as compared with that of the previous season. The Cincinnati Gazette is of the opinion, however, that as only a small proportion of the hogs actually produced go into the hands of packers, the present heavy crop of corn and the high prices that prevail for hogs, will operate to a very large extent towards making up the deficiency that exists in numbers, so far as regards the packing business, and also to increase the weight as to more than annihilate the anticipated falling off. Experience, says the Gazette, has fully established the fact that high prices for corn and low prices for hogs, prevailing at the same time, have never failed to result in a short packing of the latter, regardless of the number of hogs in the country; and low priced corn and high priced hogs have in most cases produced the opposite result. The price of corn and hogs for the last two years were as follows:

	1854.	1855.
Hogs pr 100 lbs.	\$4 00	\$6 75
New corn pr bu.	60	35

Last season, the tendency of hogs was downward and corn tended upward, and for this season corn is heavy and hogs are firm. This condition of the market is well calculated to increase the packing. Out of ten or twelve million hogs produced annually in the Western and South-States not much over three millions enter into the reports of packers.

The Gazette holds, therefore, that, unless a sudden reaction and material decline takes place in prices, the number of hogs packed this season will be equal to that of last year, while in weight there will be an increase of at least fifteen per cent, in pounds, or an aggregate on last year's crop as reported, of about six millions of pounds. The stock of old products, now in the country, as compared with those of the corresponding date of last year, are deficient about forty-five millions of pounds, thus leaving an excess of twenty million pounds for the products of 1855-6.

LARGE POTATOES.—We have in our office six enormous potatoes, of the Jenny Lind variety, raised by Mr. Cathcart, of Channahon the largest of which weighs 2 1/2 lbs. S. W. Case of this place has exhibited six pink eye potatoes raised upon his own farm which weighed 1 1/2 lbs.—the largest of the six weighing 2 lbs. Minneapolis Dem.

THE LARGEST POTATOES YET.—We were presented yesterday, by David Lyman, Esq., twenty-five potatoes, weighing forty lbs, and measuring three pecks. This beats anything in the potato line we have seen yet.—St. Croix Union.

Spending of big potatoes, these are not a prizing to some we have in our office, of the pink eye kind, the largest of which weighs 3 1/2 lbs., and three weighing 7 1/4 lbs. Our neighbors at Minneapolis and St. Croix can't quite come it yet, so 'try, try again.'—Red Wing Sentinel.

HOGS—LARGE ORATION.—The Louisville Journal of Thursday says 'we understand that one of our pork house firms yesterday sold, to an English packer, twenty thousand hogs, at \$6 00 from the hooks. An average of two hundred lbs net per hog, would make the aggregate amount involved in the transaction \$240,000. This is, we believe, the largest transaction that has ever taken place in this market.'

ARKANSAS CAN TAKE THE PREMIUM ON THE 'WATERMELON QUESTION.' The editor of the Fayetteville Independent was recently presented with a watermelon that weighed 62 pounds.

A HUNDRED MILE FIRE.—The Salt Lake News of the 29th of August, brings us the particulars of a sweeping fire in Northern Utah and Southern Oregon. It says,

'We understand by Mr. Hawes, recently from Mary's River, that the country on the north side of the road was recently burned over, destroying the grass and timber; we also learn that the fire has extended north from Bear River over 100 miles, destroying grass and timber and everything in its way in the eastern part of Oregon.'

Hon. Justin Butterfield, commissioner of the general land office during General Taylor's administration, died at Chicago, on the 23d ult., in the 66th year of his age.

A friend phleing phunilly phigative phurnishes the following:—'4ty 4tunate 4sters 4tutiously 4tifying 4torn 4tresses, 4cibly 4bade 4ty 4miable 4eigners 4ming 4dging 4ces.'

CARRIAGES FOR ONNIES.—A little mixx boasted to one of her little friends that 'her father kept a carriage.' 'Ah, but,' exultingly replies another one, 'my father drives an omnibus.'

Meeting a negro on the road, with crape on his hat, a traveler said: 'You have lost some of your friends, I see.'—'Yes, Massa.' 'Was it a near or distant relative?' Well, putty distant—'bout twenty-four miles,' was the reply.

A most interesting sight to see, is that of a young lady with 'lipie like rubies,' and with teeth of 'poarly whiteness,' and with cheeks that have stolen the 'deep carnation of the deathless rose,' with her mouth full of gingerbread!

The prettiest trimming for a woman's bonnet is a good humored face.